I Can't Breathe When I'm With You by brokenpromisesandhope

Series: Kinktober 2018 [5]
Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: F/M
Language: English
Characters: Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington
Relationships: Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler
Status: Completed
Published: 2018-10-07
Updated: 2018-10-07
Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:47:23
Rating: Explicit
Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Chapters: 1
Words: 2,194
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

Nancy wears a corset for Steve.

I Can't Breathe When I'm With You

Author's Note:

> Listen friends, I've never done breath play, nor do I know how to accurately preform it. Nor did I watch this type of porn actually. I just like went crazy. This is.. wild. Truly. Heed the tags, but if you like it, comment. I feel like writing a tiny short fluff piece to this.
> XX
> T

It's Nancy's idea because she's a kinky little slut. She'd spent hours researching and getting her measurements. She found a lady about forty minutes away who made custom corsets. She'd lied and said it was for cosplay. And that's how she ended up with a beautiful, pale pink corset with sparkly silver trim, and matching panties.

She'd told Steve of course, they'd negotiated before, but this was different. He called her a slut before, his slut, and she liked it a lot. But this was different. And they'd never tried breath play before, not that she wanted it to be intense, just a bit, hence the corset. Steve's biggest kink was her calling him daddy and acting needy and desperate, which aligned with her humiliation fetish quite well.

She was, excited to say the least. She rarely subbed, rarely. But when she did, it was amazing. She thought even Steve thought so. At first he was nervous to sub, nervous, voice shaky, but they'd practiced a few more times. Nancy instructing him what to do, how to be more confident, that he was being a good boy. After that, he was better, and settled into the dom role quite well, surprising even Nancy.

She hadn't told him when she'd wanted to do it, and she'd had a shitty day at work, and it was Friday, and she wanted to choke on his cock until she couldn't speak. She loves playing the part. She knows it's gross. She is a feminist after all. But Steve is her fiancee, and if she can peg his ass until he cries, then he can do this for her. She curls her hair in ringlets, keeping it soft, sans hairspray so it'll mess up easily. She applies mascara and eyeliner so her eyes look

especially wide and doll like, too much blush and sticky pink lipstick and lip gloss.

She can slide the corset on of course, but it sits unlaced around her, and she sits on the bed and waits for Steve. He comes home a while later and she hears him teetering around, before he heads into the bathroom. Takes her in. His hair is messy and his face is a little scruffy from where he hadn't shaved and she briefly wonders if he's too tired. He usually comes home and kisses her senseless, cuddles her, they always talk together. They've never done this. She watches him carefully and he swallows hard,

"Stand up," he commands.

She bites her lip and tries not to smile, and stands. He walks over to her and turns her around, steadying his hands on her hips. She'd showed him how to lace it and she feels him grab the laces,
"Listen to me carefully," he rasps into her ear, "I want you to be breathless. I want it to be hard to breathe. I want you to be gasping for me like the stupid whore you are. Until all you can say is my name. I know it won't be hard since you're not that smart anyway."

Nancy gasps and he starts lacing the corset,

"I want it to be hard to breathe but not impossible. Tell me what you say if it's too much," he doesn't ask, he just commands it and Nancy's breath hitches. She's so desperate already. She doesn't realize she didn't answer until he grabs her hair and yanks her head back, "Answer me. Or is that already too hard for your small brain to handle?"

"Red," Nancy rasps, "I say red."

He lets go of her hair and yanks the laces so tight she feels her ribs creak,

"Good girl," he rubs his scruff around her neck, "Good girl. Take a deep breath for me."

Nancy tries to inhale, but it's already difficult and she cries out as Steve pulls the laces tighter.

“Color?” he asks softly.

“Green,” she can barely breathe, it’s so intense, having to work hard to breathe, “tighter.”

Steve hesitates,

“Nancy,”

“Daddy please,” she whines, “Just a little bit. A tiny bit more.”

Steve bucks his hips against her, rubbing his erection against her ass,

“Nancy, baby girl, you have to tell me if it’s too much,” he begs, “Because I don’t want to stop,” he whispers quietly, admittedly.

Nancy rasps out a gasp at that, bracing herself for Steve to pull just a tiny bit tighter. He finally laces the corset a bit more and ties it off, probably convincing them both it has to stop. Nancy can’t breathe. Her ribs are being crushed and she’s gasping to breathe. Steve twirls her around and his eyes widen. Her tits are practically to her chin and he buries his face into her breasts immediately, sucking a huge hickey on the swell of her breast.

She struggles to reach her arms up to wrap her hands in his hair and he bites so hard she squeals,

“Did I tell you you could touch?” he asks.

She shakes her head,

“I, I’m sorry,” she gasps out.

He shakes his head,

“I know it’s hard for you to remember honey. All you can think about is Daddy’s cock, huh? What a little whore you are?”

She gasps,

“I,”

He wraps a hand around her hip and squeezes,

“You don’t have to answer. We don’t have time to wait all day for you to get your thoughts together. We’d be here awhile, wouldn’t we?”

Nancy’s mind whirls. Steve is, he’s doing so well. She just nods, biting her lip and he squeezes her hip tighter, making her gasp. He leans in to lick at her breasts again, leaving hickies, before pulling her to the bed. He sits down on the edge of the bed and pulls her in front of him.

“Give me a show,” he says it nonchalantly. Like he’d find anyone else to give him a show, like he doesn’t care if it’s Nancy.

It shouldn’t make her hot. She’s disgusting. But her panties are dripping. She can barely move, but she forces a breath, as deep as she can get it. Then she twirls around slowly, playing with a curl. Steve’s breath hitches when he sees her ass, and he grabs her hips, stilling her.

“Bend down,” he gives her no choice, hand on his lower back so she can bend down. He grabs her ass, kneading the cheeks and she moans.

She can barely breathe, and she’s starting to feel lightheaded. It’s wonderful.

“I guess you do have a nice body,” says Steve, as if he’s interested, “You have a nice ass. Would you let me fuck it?” He asks, letting her back up.

He spins her around. Her eyes are already watering. She shifts from leg to leg, her pussy is so wet,

“Would you?”

She moans, and shifts again,

“What’s wrong? You getting desperate? You empty little whore. All you want is a cock in you, right?”

She whines,

“Daddy,”

“You don’t care whose it is right? Could I take you down to the bar? Offer you up to anyone? They’d be desperate for you right? For a stupid little slut like you who can’t help but spread her legs.”

Nancy moans and Steve looks up at her,

“Color?”

“Green,” she moans loudly, “please, fuck, daddy, touch me.”

He tsks,

“It’s not about you baby. It’s about me. Do you understand?”

She whines and the tears finally spill down her cheeks, but she drops to her knees. Hard. She gasps at the pain. She can’t breathe, she’s so horny and she can’t move, Steve’s not touching her where she needs it, she sobs, and Steve pushes her hair from her face,

“Nancy, baby,”

“Daddy! I wanna come.”

He smiles,

“Already baby?”

She nods, and he stands up, unbuckling his pants and shoving them down his hips, she immediately cants forward and takes him into her mouth and he groans,

“Maybe you’re smarter than I thought.”

She forces herself deep on his dick, nose brushing his pubes and he groans, hips jerking to force his dick deeper down her throat. She can’t breathe. It’s amazing. She’s so wet, so empty, and her daddy is moaning. She just wants to make him happy. Then he’ll want to keep her forever. Steve pulls back to let her breathe, when he realizes Nancy’s content to choke herself on his cock.

She gasps in breaths, choking on spit, ribs aching, chest heaving,

“Steve, Steve,” she grips at his thighs.

“What baby? What’s your color?”

“Green, so green,” she gasps, “listen to me, please, if I pass out, you gotta fuck me. Please,” she says.

Steve’s hips jerk at that and he closes his eyes, throwing his head back,

“Nancy,”

She scratches her nails in his thighs,

“Listen to me. I know what I’m saying. Please, I want it more than anything. Don’t you wanna fuck me no matter what? Don’t you want me to be your fuck toy? You can use me whenever I want? No matter what?” it takes her forever to get it out.

Steve’s dick leaks precome at that and he knows it’s disgusting. Knows they shouldn’t be negotiating right now but he can’t help it,

“Okay, I will. I’ll use your pussy however I want it. Whenever I want it. Now suck me.”

Nancy doesn’t need to be told twice, she thrusts forward and takes his dick back into his mouth. It’s sloppy and her movements are slow and Steve can tell that she’s lightheaded. It’s only a few more moments before he pulls her off,

“Okay baby, good girl. Good little cockslut. Come here darling. I’m gonna fuck you now.”

She moans loudly,

“Thanks daddy. Thank you.”

He wipes at her smeared lipstick,

“Good girl. Already being polite. I love a polite slut. I may have to

keep you."

She moans,
"Please."

He slides her panties down and pulls him up into her lap, she looks wrecked. It's so hot. He moans at her wetness. She's dripping and his whole lap is wet as she pulls him onto his cock, she nearly screams, sobbing. Her head lolls forward onto his chest and he pulls her against him, fucking into her earnestly.

"Fuck, so tight. Never met a whore as tight as you. Give me a good ride baby. Clench down on me baby."

Nancy does, sobbing into Steve's neck as he fucks into her. She's so close, but knows he won't touch her clit. Not when they're like this. She doesn't know if she'll be able to come but that makes it all better. Him using him just for her pleasure.

"You wanna stay with me baby? Want me to be your daddy? Use you whenever I want?" he rasps, rubbing his scruff over the soft skin of her face.

"Mhm," she moans.

"Not good enough," he yanks her back by her hair, "Tell me. Now, slut," he slaps her ass lightly and she nods.

"Yes! Please, Daddy! Please, keep me forever. Keep me. You can fuck me whenever you want. Whenever you want. Please, please. Cover me in your come. I'll suck you whenever you want. You can fuck me anytime you want. Come deep inside me. Fuck my ass. Show me off to your friends. I wanna be your slut. I wanna be your dumb whore, I wanna be stupid for you. All I wanna know is how to make you come. I just, Daddy. Please, please say you want me. Please say you'll keep me. Please let me come," she whines. It takes her forever to get it all out and Steve's hips are thrusting rapidly at this point,

"Sluts come when their daddy tells them to. Come for me right now and you can stay forever," he rasps, teeth biting into the soft skin of her neck.

She comes immediately, squirting all over them, his chest soaking wet. He groans against the skin in her mouth and he's scared of leaving a scar, only because he can't let go as he shoots inside her. By the time they come down, Nancy's barely lucid, chest heaving. Steve moves quickly, all but yanking the laces of the corset open,

"Don't break," Nancy rasps.

Steve laughs,

"Daddy's not gonna break it baby. Want my sweet girl to breathe for me."

He gets the corset loose enough to shove it off of her and she gasps against his shoulder. He rubs her back. Bruises are starting to form. She'd told him that was normal but he was still worried.

"You with me baby girl?" He asks, pulling her back to look at him.

Her pupils are blown and her eyes are darting around, she's still crying, hitching sobs against him. She won't come up for a while and when he feels he can stand he pulls her up and carries her with him to the kitchen. He keeps murmuring soothing noises as she keeps muttering daddy against his chest. She's so tiny. Her body red and covered in sweat. The hickies on her breasts standing out. The first deep one won't heal for weeks and the bite on her mark is already blue. Fuck. He'd wrecked her. His pretty girl.